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P O E M S

ON

SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

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SECRET

P O E M S
ON
SEVERAL SUBJECTS,

BY

The Reverend A. FRESTON, A.M.

—Contracta sequi vestigia vatum. HOR.



R. Corbould del.

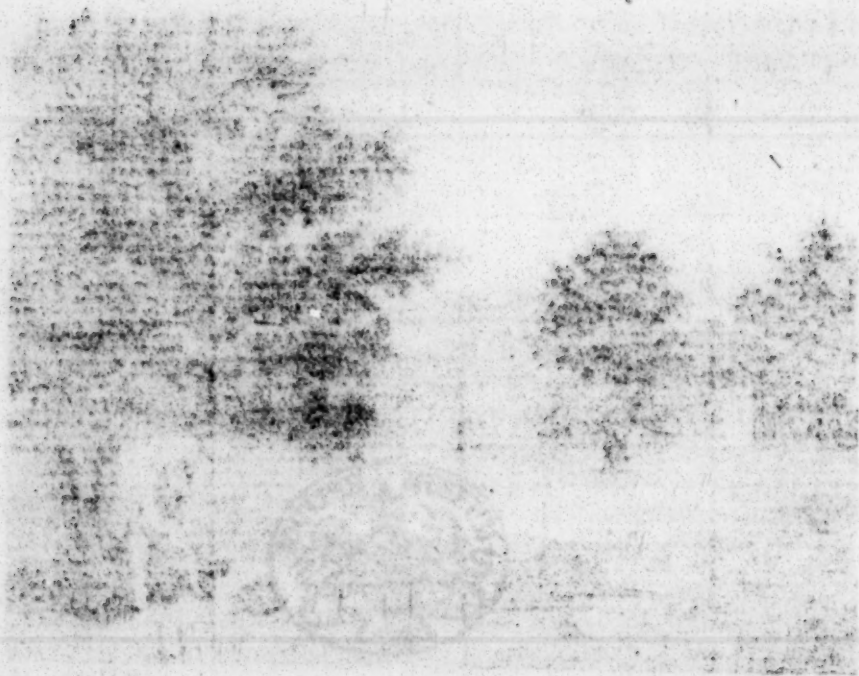
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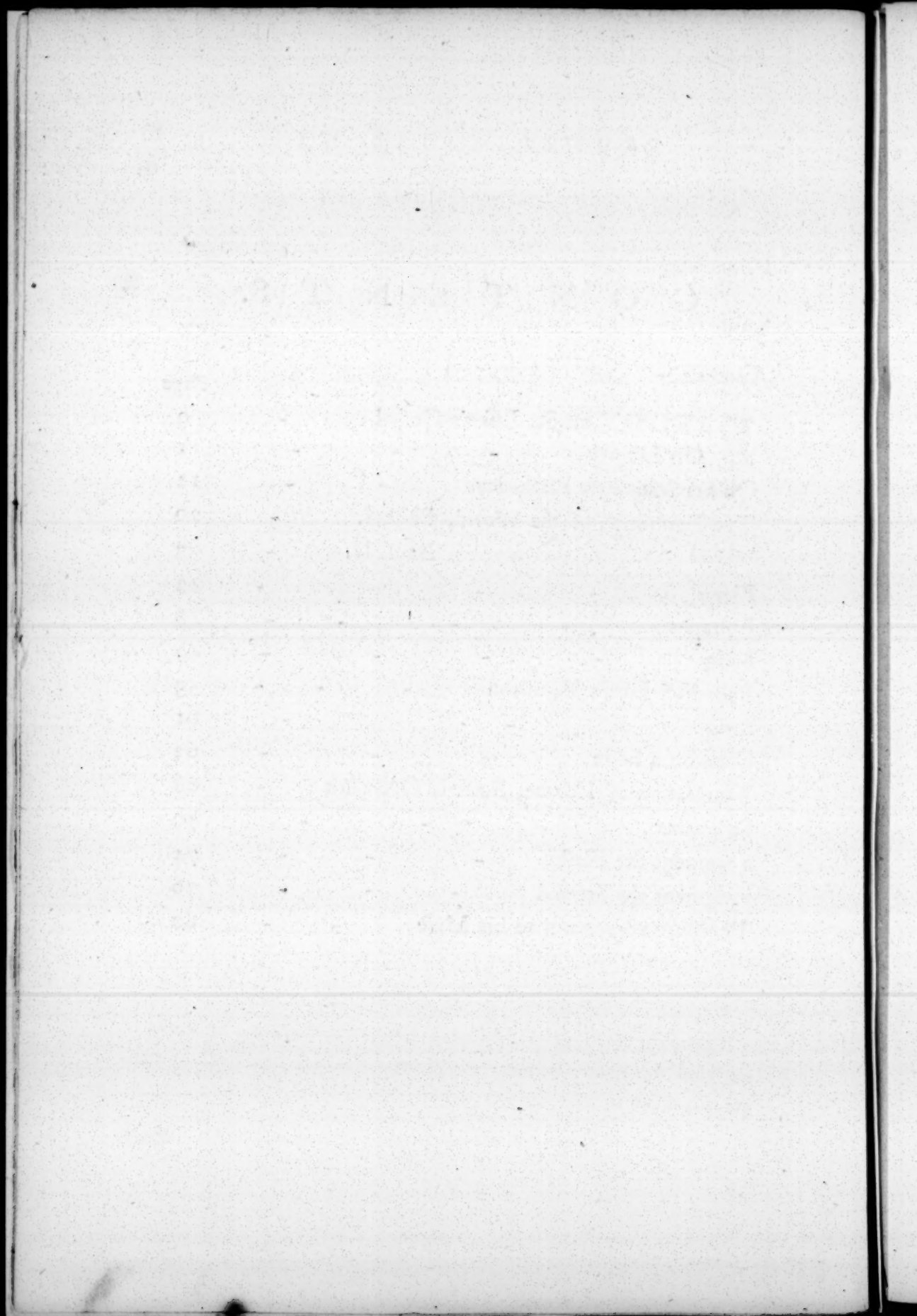
P R E F A C E.

I AM well aware that some will think me guilty of presumption, if not of folly, in thus publicly appearing as an Author. It may be asked, What has ever induced me to write verses? and with still greater propriety perhaps, What has persuaded me to publish them? To the first question I answer, that it has relieved many a moment of anxiety, when I have wished to forget myself and all the world. To the second I can only plead that “*cæcus amor sui*,” that vanity and love of fame which is so natural to mankind, and which is not culpable when directed to objects which innocently amuse at least, if they do not instruct.

I AM not altogether of Mr. Addison's opinion, "That the Public is more disposed to censure than to praise;" the Public is ever a generous Patron, and will not meanly withhold that applause which is earned by the exertions of intrinsic genius. Whether these Poems have any claim to its favour, from the "divite venâ," the original fire of composition, I shall not pretend to determine; but of this I am well assured, that I have spared no pains in their correction.

C O N T E N T S.

	Page
P ARODY on St. Luke's Gospel -	9
On Liberty - - -	11
On her Majesty's Birth-day - -	12
The Formation of the World, Book I. -	20
Book II. -	33
Elegy - - - -	42
Epitaphs - - - -	46
Song - - - -	49
Ballad of James Hamilton - - -	53
Song - - - -	61
Chanfon a boire - - -	63
Translation of Horace, Book I. Ode 18th -	68
Epigrams - - -	70
Fragment the First - - -	74
Fragment the Second - - -	76
The Poet's Farewell to his Muse - -	80



P O E M S.

P A R O D Y

ON THE

GOSPEL FOR THE SECOND SUNDAY
IN ADVENT.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN.

THE Sun shall change for blood his face of gold,
And from her orbit shall the Moon be roll'd;
The Stars "from the fixt empyréan" hurl'd,
Shall fill with dire dismay the darken'd world;
The Sea shall rage, its waves high mount in air,
And nations tremble stupified with fear.

B

Then

Then shall ye see the Son of Man descend,
In power unequall'd, glory without end.
Then, then, ye righteous, lift your heads on high,
Rejoice, ye just, your happiness draws nigh.

ON

L I B E R T Y.

WRITTEN AT THE SAME TIME.

O LIBERTY! how little understood,
Tho' the true source of every social good:
The wife, tho' free, are willing to obey,
When firm allegiance points the steady way.
But the mad vulgar, to rebellion prone,
Renounce obedience, and insult the throne:
Whate'er their passions prompt, is all they see
And all they want, of heaven-born Liberty;
Chains on their hands and on their feet they find,
But not the fetters which enslave their mind.

V E R S E S

O N

HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

MAY 19, 1784.

“C O M E, gentle Spring,” and with thy smiling
train,

Chase tyrant Winter from the whiten'd plain;
Call forth the flowrets from the loosen'd earth,
And give the swelling bud its easy birth.

HAIL'D be that hour, for ever blest that day
(The most auspicious of the rosy MAY)
Which added grace to Spring's resplendent scene,
And gave to BRITAIN'S Isle her favourite Queen.

N O R

NOR thou, great QUEEN! disdain, tho' rude of art,
The genuine dictates of an honest heart.
No pension'd Laureat here his homage pays
The annual tribute of accustom'd lays;
No reptile Flatterer prostitutes respect,
Best heard with scorn, and answer'd with neglect:—
Thy worth alone inspires thy Poet's thought;
He only hopes to praise thee as he *ought*.

IN vain may Greatness mount her regal throne,
And shine awhile in splendour not her own;
Succeeding time the *character* pourtrays,
The censure fixes, or confirms the praise;
Just, tho' severe, it pulls her trophies down,
And tears the laurel even from the Crown.

LET CALEDONIA boast MARIA's reign,
And of her wrongs to latest times complain:

Beauty and grace may, living, strike the eye,
But virtue only pleases when we die.

WHAT tho' ELIZA's name be still rever'd
(At home most lov'd, by foreign foes most fear'd),
Yet cruel policy her glory crost,
And all the *Monarch* gain'd, the *Woman* lost^{*}.

LET GALLIA's Queen, in these ill-judging days,
Delight in Politics' destructive maze;
'Tis thine to cultivate the arts of Peace,
To bid distracting feuds and discord cease:
Uprear'd by thee see infant Genius rise,
And tow'r securely to its native skies;
Thy regal bounties thus alike inspire
The Painter's pencil and the Poet's fire.

* " And all that rais'd the *Hero* sunk the *Man*."

POPE.

WHEN lovely HARROP swell'd her vocal throat,
The *soul* of Music spoke in every note.
'Tis Music ever rules the feeling breast,
And warms the heart to succour the distressed:
Possess'd and patroniz'd so well by thee,
'Tis Rapture, Charity, Benignity.

IN early youth thy early virtues shone,
Adorn'd thy birth, and mark'd thee for a Throne.
When PRUSSIA's Monarch wav'd his reeking brand,
And trod in steps of blood thy native land,
With folded arms the peasant view'd afar
The dreadful ravage of wide-wasting war;
Sunk his gay hopes, and mock'd his stubborn toil,
His streaming eye bedew'd the bladeless foil:
Thy patriot heart then felt a nation's woe,
And bade strong sense in nervous language flow².

² Vide the QUEEN's Letter to the King of PRUSSIA, in the Annual Register for 1761.

Fed by thy hand, protected by thy care,
 For thee they grateful pour the ceaseless prayer:
 Heaven nods assent with a propitious smile,
 And points to BRITAIN'S KING and BRITAIN'S Isle.

WHEN danc'd thy banners o'er old ALBIS'³ tide,
 SAXONIA view'd thee with an honest pride;
 Now joy, now grief, divides her anxious breast,
 Thy fortune charm'd her, still thy loss deprest.
 Pleas'd with its freight, the bark triumphant bore,
 And plac'd thee safely on th' Icenian⁴ shore.
 Then joy's bright tear each gazer's eyelid fill'd,
 Then every loyal heart with rapture thrill'd.
 And does not ENGLAND, with increasing pride,
 Revere the Mother whom she lov'd the Bride?

³ The ELBE.

⁴ *Icenian shore.*] At HARWICH, on the coast of ESSEX. The people of that quarter of ENGLAND were called ICENI.

VIEW thee in every scene of polish'd life,
The Queen, the Woman, Parent, or the Wife;
On thy bright eminence no shade can fall—
For thou alone hast dignify'd them all.

IN abject grief the age-worn widow lies,
To earn her scanty diet vainly tries;
Oppress'd with want, she silent weeps and prays,
In sad reflection on more prosperous days;
Feels the keen anguish of extreme distress,
And sees an Angel's hand stretch'd forth to bless.

LET orphan babes their little arms extend,
And point instinctive to their Royal Friend.

WHERE raging Fashion leads destructive way,
And fools and wise alike her power obey,
Forfake, ye Fair, gay Folly's idle scene,
Take Wisdom's path, conducted by your Queen.

Patterns

Patterns like her has gracious Heaven design'd
By rank ennobled much, but more by mind.
Vain is the glory of sublimest birth,
The highest title is the claim of worth.

BLEST in thine offspring, in thy Monarch blest,
Serene content and rapture fill thy breast.
Already BRITAIN fees, with joyful eyes,
A list of Heroes and of Queens arise.

FOREMOST in virtue, beauty, female grace,
CHARLOTTE^s reflects the honours of her race;
Where blooming charms with spotless soul combine,
We feel the likeness, and confess it thine.

AND when poetic or historic page
Shall name this æra in some future age,

^s CHARLOTTE.] The Princess Royal.

The

The sacred tongue of Truth, well-pleas'd, shall own,
That GEORGE and CHARLOTTE, wife as great, alone
Built on their People's hearts their stedfast throne.

LONG may'st thou live, till life has charms no more,
And the tir'd soul pants for its native shore ;
Health, rosy-lipp'd, calm Temperance shall befriend,
And white-rob'd Peace thy silver age attend.
The meek-ey'd Faith shall wait thy parting breath,
And smooth the terror of approaching death.
Nor shalt thou die :—the godlike and the just
Spring, like the Phoenix, from funereal dust:
Succeeding annals shall record thy fame,
And young posterity shall live thy name.

THE

FORMATION OF THE WORLD.

IN TWO BOOKS.

BOOK I.

O WISDOM infinite, and Power supreme,
Assist thy votary in his daring theme;
Pour on his mind the greatness of thy might,
And lead his mounting soul her heav'n-directed flight.

Rob'd in the splendour of celestial fire,
On his high throne sat Time's eternal Sire;
Myriads of Angels watch their Monarch's nod,
And kiss the footsteps of their awful God.

Exit,

Exist, thou World, said then the great First Cause,
Creation be!—and, lo! Creation was.

Not like the slow laborious work of Art,
By Time produc'd, and perfect but in part;
Nor need had he to fashion, or create,
His thought perfection, his volition fate.

First o'er the mass material, prime of things,
The brooding Spirit spread his dove-like wings:

His vivifying power the chaos warm'd,
His plastic nature the crude lump inform'd.

Let there be light, said then th' Almighty Word,
And light shot up, e'er the command was heard:

Thou Light conglobing, form a glorious Sun,
O'er heav'n's vast arch his giant race to run.

Thou Sun resplendent, mark the course of day,
And cheer all Nature with prolific ray.

Thou

Thou silver Moon, reflect thy paler light
Thro' the wide curtain of the murky night :
O'er the white wave, in shadowy splendour ride,
Control the floods, and regulate the tide.
Ye Stars stand fixt, ye Planets know your way,
Nor from your orbits do ye Comets stray ;
Be your sure path without confusion trod,
And point to gazing worlds the wonders of a God.

THOU Sea cerulean to thy banks retire,
Nor to the empire of the Land aspire ;
Thy limits know, here be thy proud waves staid,
(Old Ocean heard the mandate, and obey'd.)
Your oozy beds ye gliding currents keep,
And roll majestic to the briny deep ;
O'er the green mead your genial dews exhale,
Foam down the rock or linger thro' the vale.

SUPREME in grandeur see the mountains rise,
Repel the floods and rush into the skies.
Here holy Ararat her summit rear'd,
Here clad in snow the ridgy Alps appear'd.
Here Etna's top aspiring to the clouds,
In her wide shade Sicilia's island shrouds;
Not as erewhile she belch'd with raging^a ire,
Substantial smoke and undulating fire;
From her broad back the muddy waters slide,
Or roll in torrents down her steepy side.

Now the bare Earth stood manifest to view;
God o'er her face the verdant mantle threw;
Let there be herb and fruit, JEHOVAH said,
Straight from her surface sprung the general blade;

^a This alludes to that great eruption in 1783 described by Sir William Hamilton.

With rip'ning seed the bending plant was strung,
 Whilst from the bough the mellow clusters hung.
 And now quick-shooting from the yet moist earth,
 The spreading Cedar took her stately birth:
 Here Oripelea² from the surface broke,
 And here wide-branching stood the brown-arm'd Oak.
 Castanea's³ bloom was like the orient gem,
 And Fraxinus⁴ uprear'd her silver stem.
 Th' aspiring Pine the rock's tall summit crown'd,
 The florid Plane⁵ extends her shade around.
 The Indian Fig⁶ shut out the solar beam,
 The pendant Willow⁷ kiss'd Euphrates' stream.

² Oripelea.] A species of the elm, mentioned by Theophrastus.
 Vid. EVELYN'S SYLVA, *with Notes by* HUNTER.

³ The chesnut tree.

⁴ The Ash.

⁵ Platanus patulis diffusa ramis. CICERO.

Umbrae tantum gratia expetitur. PLINY.

⁶ Ficus Indica. Vid. *Sir W. Raleigh's History of the World*, p. 57.

⁷ The weeping willow of Babylon. EVELYN'S SYLVA.

From

From the green Elm depend the clust'ring Vines,
 Whilst round her trunk the creeping Ivy twines.
 Funereal Yew her waxen berry bore,
 And scented Myrtles lin'd the Cyprian shore.
 Each lowly shrub in sweet confusion lay,
 The Hero's Laurel, and the Poet's Bay.
 The bursting Flowers expand their leaves beneath,
 Beam their gay colours, and their fragrance breathe.
 Her yellow head the thorny Aloe rears,
 And seems the stately growth of fifty years :
 The Tulip here her varied colour shews,
 Here falls the fragrance of the blushing Rose.
 Clytie^s still turns her bosom to the Day,
 But hides her beauties from his setting ray.

^s The Sun Flower.

— Quamvis radice tenetur,
 Vertitur ad Solem ; mutataque servat amorem.

OVID. Metam. Lib. iv.

Here *Passiflora* ⁹ (being of an hour)
 Drops from her climbing stalk her radiate flow'r.
 Here *Eschynomene* ¹⁰ (her feeling such)
 Shuns the rude hand, and closes at the touch.
 (Of seed invisible) fair *Orchis* ¹¹ see,
 To her white leaf adheres the scarce-form'd Bee.
 The scarlet *Lychnis* shone of glaring hue,
 The scented Vi'let mix'd her paler blue.
 Nor gay to sight, or sweet alone to smell,
 In their small trunks unnumber'd virtues dwell;
 When Lux'ry's poison rankles in the vein,
 Or the wide wound throbs fast with raging pain;

⁹ The Passion Flower, or Passant Fleur.

LINNÆUS.

¹⁰ The Sensitive Plant.

Adjecit his Apollodorus, herbam *Æschynomenen*, quoniam appropinquante manu folia contraheret. Ab *αίσχυρομαι*.

¹¹ The Bee Orchis, whose seed cannot be discerned by the naked eye.

From

From the dried flow'r the latent Fever flies,
Or the bruis'd herb her healing balm supplies.

Now o'er th' expansion of the grassy mead,
Launch'd into being, flew the generous steed:
His sparkling eye proclaims his wish to roam,
And his red nostril snorts the whiten'd foam.
The Lion walk'd majestic o'er the plain,
And shook the terror of his brinded mane.
Siberian Mahmout of enormous bone,
Rose like a tower; to later worlds unknown.
Of awkward bulk the Elephant appears,
Yet his rude form a mind sagacious bears:
Like him uncouth the Camel stalk'd along,
Patient of thirst, and innocent of wrong.
In the blue current of the slimy Nile,
Securely slept the mail-arm'd Crocodile.

Deep in recesses of the forest's shade,
Couching for prey, the wily 'Tiger lay'd.
In the warm sun the Leopard bask'd serene,
The faithful Dog here gambol'd on the green.
The lordly Bull with lowing fills the vale,
And snuffs the freshness of the coming gale.
The Goat sure-footed scales the pointed rock,
And the broad Heath looks white with many a Flock.
Here frisk'd around the imitative Ape,
Human almost in cunning as in shape.
Of winter provident the Beaver came,
And sapient laid his architectiv frame.

Of plumage various, as of varied song,
Hatch'd by new warmth, flew forth the feather'd throng.
Full in the brightness of meridian day,
The soaring Eagle shot her upright way.

On Chili's coast the Condor's¹² wings display'd,
Spread on the restless wave their cloud-like shade.
In her long passage o'er the thirsty plains,
Her pendent cist the Pelican retains;
With aching heart she hears her callow brood,
And stills their hungry clamours with her blood.
The Swan his neck exalts with arched pride,
And drives his broad breast 'gainst the foaming tide.
When lock'd in ice the limpid currents lie,
The clanging Wildgoose seeks a milder sky;
In wedge, instinctive wings her flight sublime,
And leads her phalanx to the southern clime.
Here Philomela thro' the echoing grove,
Trills the soft accents of responsive love.
The hov'ring Lark her primal matin sings,
With her shrill note the ruddy welkin rings.

¹² Condor.] A huge black Eagle, or Osprey, mentioned by several writers. Vid. ROBERTSON'S Hist. America, and BUFFON, Vol. xvii. p. 186.

In the close ivy sat the cooing Dove,
The gentle emblem of connubial love.
Here should the Muse their various instincts tell,
In either Ind what beauteous natives dwell,
Paint the gay songsters of each foreign soil,
Few might approve the long-drawn tedious toil.

IN shoals unnumber'd Ocean's finny prey
Crawl on his sands, or win their watry way.
The mighty Whale, great monarch of the main,
Draws, like a moving isle, his foamy train.
Here strikes the fell Shark desperately bold;
Here shines Adonis in his native gold.
On the smooth deep the bended Dolphins play,
The salt wave sparkles in the solar ray.
The brown Gymnotus tries th' electric blow,
And stuns secure his unsuspecting foe.

CLOSE under cover of the sun-burnt brake,
In spiral volume lay the gilded Snake.
Here darts the Aspic his envenom'd force,
Here Amphisbœna¹³ draws her doubtful course.
The mighty Cobra winds her sinuous way,
The crested Basilisk enchants her prey.
Nor does the earth alone their venom bear,
Some rise aloft and quiver through the air.
Of such, when lifted on their fiery wing,
Rebellious Israel felt the deadly sting.
Nor need we here describe in lengthen'd rhyme,
Those the Sun genders in each diverse clime.
Whether from birth their enmity began,
Or ow'd their poison to the Fall of Man:
Or if the instruments of Heaven, design'd
To check the arrogance of human kind.

¹³ The Amphisbœna is a Serpent which has a large knot in its tail, and it is difficult at first sight to tell whether it goes backward or forward.

AND now the gaudy Insects buzz around,
Those swarm the air, these populate the ground;
In social state the Bee delights to dwell,
And curious fabricates her waxen cell:
She, wisely prescient of the dreary hour,
Extracts the honey from the new-born flow'r.
Like her, sagacious creeps the busy Ant,
And toils industrious for her wintry want.
In each, peculiar virtues we may trace,
A rare example to the human race.
Nor on the surface of the teeming ground
Alone, the wonders of a God are found:
The precious Ore her spacious caverns hide,
Or glitter with the Fossils' radiant pride.
Perfect the whole, what error could be nam'd,
When Power commanded, and when Wisdom fram'd?

THE
FORMATION OF THE WORLD.

B O O K II.

AND now the bursting Thunder roll'd around,
And the blue Lightning quiver'd on the ground.
Being stood mute: each life-imparted form
Was hush'd as death, and eye'd in awe the storm.
Dimm'd was each eye, and silenc'd every note,
And the parch'd tongue chok'd up th' immotion'd throat.

LET us make Man, said now th' Eternal One;
Not like the beasts, where instinct rules alone:

In

In him, their Prince, shall wond'rous Reason shine,
An emanation of Ourself divine.

In state primeval, tho' the atoms lay,
His form he fashion'd from the ductile clay;
Into his nostrils breath'd his heavenly breath,
When straight he started as awak'd from death.
In upright shape the earth he firmly trod,
The last, the best created work of God.

Thro' the blue veins how quick pulsation ran,
How form'd that curious microcosm, Man!

By what nice art the flesh-inwoven soul
Pervades, impels, and animates the whole!

'Tis not for him, mechanic, to conceive,
But feel convictive, and submit believe.

Before his Maker the new creature stood,
Naked, forlorn, and destitute of food.

Scarce

Scarce wak'd to life he wildly gaz'd around,
And wonder'd at the universe he found.
Straight he erects his countenance on high,
And turns to God his supplicating eye.
Th' Almighty views him with parental love,
Firms his young heart with manna from above:
Successive fruits his sustenance provides,
His thirst assuaging with the glassy tides:
Then thus exhorts him from his viewless throne,
Whilst thro' the world the glorious Godhead shone:
O'er all my creatures exercise command;
But mark thou rule them with a lenient hand:
I will not see thee triumph in their pain,
Or hear the groan of Misery in vain.
Think what thou art, with no proud passion burn,
From dust thou wast, and shalt to dust return.

Reflect

Reflect on me, thy doubting heart control,
Know He who made, can also bound, thy soul.
He gives thee Reason to direct thy ways,
To teach thy grateful Faith the song of praise;
To make thee feel He rules by equal laws,
Thou seest the effect, think then how vast the cause:
Still keep th' omnipotence of God in view;
Would'it thou be happy, to thyself be true:
By no vain glory be thy mind possest;
Know this a state of trial, not of rest.
If deep affliction macerate thee, live;
Who gives thee good, shall he not evil give?
Or flush'd with smiles of gay prosperity,
Still lift thy grateful orison to Me;
Know I create, preserve, and govern all,
Free art thou made, be cautious lest thou fall.

Nor

Nor shalt thou roam in solitary state,
Or find amidst the beasts an equal mate.

By his celestial Shechinah oppress'd,
The dazzled senses sunk supine to rest:
When the great Author from his sleeping side,
His softer likeness drew, a blooming bride:
O'er her white breast her flaxen tresses flow'd,
Whilst on her cheek Health's soft suffusion glow'd:
Her sparkling eye beam'd Innocence serene,
Chaste was her air, seraphic was her mien.
On her fair form Man cast his op'ning eyes,
And stood awhile enwrapt in mute surprise;
Love pierc'd his inmost vitals e'er he spoke,
Till native language thus the silence broke:
Come, lovely Maid, approach companion dear,
Nor chill thy feelings with one anxious fear;

Still

Still let me hold thee nearest to my heart,
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, thou art,

AND now th' Eternal Father from on high
Cast o'er creation His all-seeing eye;
Before His view each awe-struck creature stood,
His omnipresence saw that all was good:
Each being suited to its state and place,
To gain its food, or propagate its race.
With fixt surprise the heavenly Host survey'd
The wondrous fabric His command had made;
One faultless system was the mighty whole,
One varied chain of order, God the soul.
Here All-beneficence his creatures blest,
(Here fixt the holy Sabbath of his rest)
Bade them deliver down to latest time,
Their forms distinct, and people every clime.

Then

Then to the Heaven of Heavens, his bright abode,
On wings of Seraphim supported, rode.
To golden harps, angelic myriads sung,
With loud Hosannas Heaven's vast concave rung;
Part sweep with rapid touch the founding lyre,
Part swell the chorus of the vocal choir;
With such vibration of celestial sound,
Creation echo'd to her utmost bound;
That shout harmonious which "suspended Hell,"
What language can describe, what tongue can tell!

THEE first they sung, parental Deity,
Omniscience, Omnipotence, Eternity;
To Thee let Hallelujahs ceaseless raise,
To Thee let grateful Man hymn songs of praise;
With veneration prostrate bow the knee,
And pour the soul in sacrifice to Thee.

Hail!

Hail! great Creator, whose omnific will
Could such an universe with beings fill:
Hail! mighty Maker, from thy work return'd,
Be fuming incense on thy Sabbath burn'd;
Let Heaven's bright canopy be wide unfurl'd,
To celebrate "thy six days work, a World."
Thee next they sung, thou filial Word, divine,
Be praise, be glory, mild Redeemer, thine.
When Man shall fall from innocence declin'd,
Eternal Justice shall a victim find,
At once to bleed for, and instruct mankind.
The Son of God will deign to earth descend,
Of lost humanity the still kind friend:
Leave the pure realms of beatific day,
And "choose a house of misery and clay."
And shall weak Man, th' existence of an hour,
Arraign at Reason's bar this mystic Power?

Wilt

Wilt thou, vain worm, with thought presumptuous glow,
And snatch from God the boundless power, to know?
Wilt thou, who shortly shalt become a clod,
Aspire to judge the being of a God?
Feel the soft yearnings of parental love,
Yet circumscribe the bliss of Him above?
Pile up the mountain of gigantic Pride,
And chain'd to earth, on spirit dare decide?
Here be thy *ignorance*, be thy *folly* shewn,
And what thou canst *not comprehend*, *disown*.

E L E G Y

O N

THE BONES OF ONE UNKNOWN,

DUG UP NEAR THE AUTHOR'S HOUSE.

——— *vagæ ne parce malignus arenæ,
 Ossibus et capiti inhumato
 Particulam dare.* HOR.

U NHAPPY Stranger! for no sculptur'd stone
 Protects thy relics from the rustic spade;
 No brier-bound hillock, by its form, has shewn
 The little spot of earth where thou wert laid.

YET shall the Muse bestrew with flow'rs thy grave,
 And mark the vanity of human pride,

Mark

Mark how alike, the wise, the fair, the brave,
May undistinguish'd in the Tomb abide.

EREWILE, perhaps, his breast with ardour glow'd,
By courage high, and native freedom fir'd,
Before the Saxon, his heart's blood out-flow'd,
And, full of wounds and glory, he expir'd.

PERHAPS, a Martyr to his Country's cause,
Against Rebellion his keen blade he tried,
Fought to restore her violated laws,
And in the glorious conflict—smil'd, and died.

WHEN Winter wild the plain in snow array'd,
To the next Mart he pick'd his dang'rous way,
The gaping Pit his wand'ring steps betray'd,
And treacherous hid him from returning Day.

THE faithful Partner of his humble lot,
Impatient, oft look'd out with tearful eye,
Gaz'd on the latchet of the straw-thatch'd cot,
And saw it still unlifted with a sigh.

PERHAPS, impell'd by Ruin and Despair,
'Gainst his own life he rais'd an impious hand,
The eye of Justice frown'd, tho' through a tear,
And gave him burial in the public strand.

RATHER, perhaps, remote from native home,
Far, far remote from every hand to save,
The grim Assassin pierc'd him thro' the gloom,
And hid him, reeking, in unhallow'd grave.

OR, by pale Want, unknown, unfed, he fell,
No friendly hand to close his hollow eyes,

No Village Clerk toll'd out his passing knell,

No Priest perform'd his funeral obsequies.

BENEATH the shelter of that aged Yew,

Commit his relics to their clay-cold bed,

On his poor Bones the closing Earth bestrew,

And venerate the *Manes* of the Dead.

The Gentleman must
certainly have sung
himself & no
other choicewords left—

E P I T A P H S*.

HERE pause awhile, and when thou read'st this stone,
Drop from thine eye the sympathetic tear;
Scarce was this fragrant Rose of Beauty blown,
A cruel Fate came by and cropt it with her shear.

A S falls the rosebud by th' untimely storm,
So Death's cold hand has chill'd thy lovely form;

* The reason why no Names are prefixed to these Epitaphs is, that they were made upon amiable Women; and it would only revive the grief of their connexions to appropriate them to the respective persons.

A form

A form adorn'd with beauty, virtue, youth,
Good-nature's dimpled smile, and artless Truth;
With ev'ry estimable grace of life,
The gen'rous candid Friend, th' accomplish'd Wife.
Virtues like these too feeble were to save,
Or snatch thee, drooping from thy hasty grave.
I saw Consumption thy weak frame assail,
And change thy coral lip to deadly pale,
Dim the sweet lustre of thy soft-blue eye,
And unrelenting mark thee out—to die.

MIX'D with its kindred dust of clay-cold Earth,
Here lies what once was Beauty, once was Worth:
A prosperous fate her dawning merit gave,
But Heav'n decreed her to an early grave;

With steady fortitude on Death she smil'd,
And the fond *Parent* * *fell to save her Child.*

O F gentle manners, and of worth approv'd,
By all respected, and by all belov'd,
Whilst manly sense with female sweetness join'd,
Whilst holy fear and wisdom rul'd thy mind,
Surely to thee 'twas happiness to die,
And mix with kindred souls in regions of Eternity.

* Her death was occasioned by too great anxiety, and an epidemic fever caught in attending her Daughter.

S O N G S.

THE BROKEN-HEARTED LOVER.

I M I T A T I O N.

FRIEND.

WHEREFORE droops thy head, fond Lover,
Tell me wherefore dost thou fear;

Wherefore stain'd thy cheek with sorrow,
Furrow'd down with many a tear?

WHY thus lonely dost thou wander,

Shunning every mortal eye;

I know thy Mistress fond and faithful,

For thee would live, for thee would die.

LOVER.

LOVER.

O! ask me not my cause of sorrow,
Bleeds my heart to tell the truth;
For the fair and beauteous maiden
Fell in prime of blooming youth.

BEAUTEOUS were her auburn tresses,
Beauteous was her coral lip;
Like the bud with dew besprinkled,
Which the Gods might wish to sip.

HER cheek the lilly and the rose;
How bright her eye! how sweet her breath!
But stopt that breath, and dim that bright eye,
By the icy hand of Death.

HER finish'd form, her dimpled smile,
Can never from my mind depart;

But

But oh! what more than all I valued,
Was her kind and constant heart.

FAREWELL now the brilliant circle,
Farewell every joy to me;
Welcome now the mind's keen anguish,
Pleasance I no more shall see.

IN the leafless grove I'll wander,
Whilst round me howls the wintry blast;
All hope of rest I now give over,
Till death shall give me rest at last.

To yon church-yard they bore my love,
They bound her grafs-green sod with willow;
That grafs-green turf shall be my bed,
Her heaving grave shall be my pillow.

TILL

TILL damp at length my warm heart chilling,
And pining Care my life shall end;
Then lay my cold corpse by her side,
And shew thyself my faithful Friend.

THE BALLAD

OF

JAMES HAMILTON.

IMITATION.

THERE was a Lord of faire Scotland,
James Hamilton by name,
The Chief of many a valiant band,
High in the lists of Fame.

THIS Chieftain gain'd a Lady faire,
Of noble blood was shee,
Who brought him many a rich domain,
With manours, gold, and fee.

LONG

LONG time they liv'd in happy state,
And dwelt in bower and hall;
Till fell convulsions tore the Realm,
And brought both dule and thrall.

DARK were the times when Mary reign'd,
And direful e'en to tell,
Rebellion stalk'd with fecret step,
Follow'd by murder fell.

THE Lord was fitting at his board,
In brilliant companie,
A Vassal came with hasty stride,
And knelt upon his knee.

SAD news I bring, my Lord, he cried,
Heavy my tidings bee;

Lord

Lord Darnley lies a blacken'd corse
Under the green-wood tree.

THE beauteous Mary is dethron'd,
Depriv'd of libertie;
And tyrant Murray rules the land
By force and treacherie.

THE Lord he started from his feat,
With a grim look looked hee;
Now Christ's curse on thy head, he cried,
But I'll be soon with thee.

HE grasp'd his targe with brawny arm,
He shook his ponderous lance,
And fiercely from his crested helm
Glar'd his stern countenance.

HIS beauteous Lady weeping stood,
So flent she could not speak;
The fob convulfive rent her breaft,
The falt tear gall'd her cheek.

A CAPTAIN from the Chieftain went,
To raife his valiant clan;
Quickly with fhouts the warlike Scots
In arms half-buckled ran.

To Langfide ftraight they took their way,
Where Murray flood in force;
Nor could the Regent's power awhile
Reftrein their onward courfe.

THE fword of valiant Hamilton
Soon mow'd itfelf a fpace;

Whilt

Whilst streams of sanguinary gore
Flow'd down his sun-burnt face.

By numbers soon his clan o'erpower'd,
Unequal conflict wag'd;
Nor could their courage ought avail,
So fierce the battle rag'd.

THE Hamilton disdain'd to fly,
Yet still retreated slow;
And shew'd, tho' faint with loss of blood,
His frontlet to the foe.

THE battle lost, no hope remain'd,
Save flight, or fell despair¹;
Then to Dundrenan's sacred walls
They bear the royal Fair.

¹ Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem.

LORD Murray call'd a Captain forth,
A favourite was hee;
Says, " Hie thee down to Bothwel-haugh,
" Those lands I give to thee.

" FOR from henceforth James Hamilton
" A vagabond shall bee;
" His Lady faire, and all his house,
" I doom to beggarie."

STRAIGHT to the Clan of Bothwel-haugh
He hie'd him down amain;
And sternly to the Lady cried,
Give up thy faire domain.

SHE looked stedfast in his face,
She heav'd a groan or twain;

She

She spake no word, she shed no tear,

Distraction burst her brain.

A TRUSTIE slave to Hamilton

'These direful tidings shew'd;

When straight his warlike gen'rous breast

With fell revenge y-glow'd.

PROTECTED by excess of power,

Long time the Regent stood;

Nor rekt he ought of Hamilton,

Who thirsted for his blood :

TILL passing by a window late,

James bent his trustie bow ;

The grey-goose wing his heart's blood drank,

And laid the Tyrant low.

ALL you that read this mournful tale,
By it instructed bee,
Insult not o'er a vanquish'd foe,
Remember Lord Murrày.

S O N G.

I.

WHEN first I saw the manly youth,
His graceful figure struck my view;
But when he vow'd eternal truth,
Alas, my heart! what could'st thou do?

II.

He kiss'd my hand with fervid zeal,
He kiss'd it twice—nay press'd it too;
Alas, my heart! what didst thou feel?
Alas, my heart! what could'st thou do?

III.

He kiss'd my lip, how great the bliss,
He swore his love was fond and true;
My swelling bosom rose to his,
Alas, my heart! what could'st thou do?

IV.

He nam'd the day to be his bride,
With rapture to his arms I flew;
I should have prudishly denied,
But oh, my heart! what could'st thou do?

S O N G.

I.

COME let us prepare,
 We toppers that are,
 To make ourselves jovial and happy;
 Seize hold of the jug,
 And give it a hug,
 'Tis a jorum of excellent nappy.

E 4

II. PUSH

II.

PUSH round the brown bowl,
'Twill cheer up the foul,
No sorrow you'll feel when you've drank hard;
With Ale in your head,
No tears you'll e'er shed;
No tears but the tears of the tankard.

III.

OF Port and Champagne
We oft may complain,
When we're drunk over night, they inform us;
But of brisk foaming Ale,
You may drink half a pail,
And sleep all the night like a dormouse.

IV. WITH

IV.

With love when you ake,
This remedy take,
If a termagant, thus you will fret her;
Or laid in your bed,
Ne'er trouble your head,
You'll fall fast asleep and forget her.

V.

ANACREON could shine
O'er a goblet of Wine,
Ale or Porter then was not in season;
But had he been here,
O'er his mug of old Beer,
No grapestone had stuck in his weland.

VI. Dio-

VI.

DIogenes four

On Jove's son did low'r,

To see at a hint he wa'nt quicker;

To give him a rub,

He dwelt in a tub,

To shew he was empty of liquor.

VII.

With Punch and small Beer,

And such vaporish gear,

Let fops strive to mend their complexion;

Fair Ladies draw near,

Drink Ale, never fear,

'Twill make both your nose and your neck shine.

VIII. THEN

VIII.

THEN tope it away
Till dawning of day,
Our brains dancing high coculorum;
When flumbers assail
Us brimful of Ale,
We shall dream we are turn'd to a jorum.

T R A N S L A T I O N

O F T H E

EIGHTEENTH ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK
OF HORACE.

LET others plant Peaches and Nect'rines so fine,
They're a parcel of thorns when compar'd to the
Vine;

What pleasures must flow from the juice of the Grape,
When brew'd at Bourdeaux, or when press'd at the Cape!
For the Gods have reserv'd all their pains for the dry,
Whilst from goblets of Wine biting sorrows shall fly.
Who in tossing a bumper e'er thinks of a care?
Or carps at a Tax, or th' American War?

The

The man who in company wishes to shine,
Must toast a sweet Lass in a bumper of Wine.
But think not whilst thus I run on with my song,
I am pleas'd when some Sots drink too much or too long;
For the death of two Watchmen of late prov'd it true,
That Drunkards are foolish and quarrelsome too;
When their brain was grown cool, to their sorrow they
found,
'Twixt Frolic and Murder how narrow the bound.
Never me, candid Bacchus, thy rites have misled;
If fuddled, good-natur'd; if drunk, put to bed.
But as thou remember'st I'm not very strong,
Keep from me I pray thee a fox-hunting song;
And grant me this boon, be as drunk as I may,
Not to boast of myself nor a secret betray.

E P I G R A M S.

THE reason is plain why honest Ned Hatton,
 Who married *three* Wives, should ne'er chuse a
 fat one;

For well he remember'd old proverbs have shown,
 That the flesh is the sweeter the nearer the bone.

* A LORD and his Coachman, who both had liv'd well,
 Had the bitter mischance to rencounter in Hell;

* It would be unfair to claim all the merit of this Epigram: it was the joint production of my ingenious Friend W. W. of C. H. and myself.

“ With

SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

71

“ With submission, my Lord, what the deuce brought you
here? [beer.”

“ You’d a rare word on Earth for your beef and strong

“ Alas,” cries his Lordship, “ how hard is my fate !

“ To enrich my curs’d Son I improv’rish’d the State :”

“ *Your* Son !” quoth the Coachman, “ why then the
plague rot him,

“ He sent us *both* here—I was damn’d ‘cause I got him.”

— non vitiosus est sed vitium.
MARTIAL. EPIC.

WHOE’ER asserts that G.’s a vicious elf,
Lyes; he’s not vicious—he is Vice itself.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

OLD Marlborough’s Dutcheffs, who scorn’d to use art,
In the Court’s brilliant circle rapt out a great f—t:

Tout le monde stood aghast, but there was nothing in it,
For a brave Son of Mars whipp'd it up in a minute;
His ready assurance so pleas'd the old hag,
That she sent him this billet next day with a flag:
" To him who the proverb so well understood,
" 'Tis an ill wind indeed that blows nobody good."

WHEN I call'd t'other day on a Noble renown'd,
In his great marble hall lay the Bible *well bound*;
Not as printed by Baskett, and *bound* up in black,
But chain'd to the floor, like a thief, by the back.
Unacquainted with *ton* and your quality airs,
I suppos'd it intended for family pray'rs;
His piety pleas'd, I applauded his zeal,
Yet thought none would venture the *Bible* to steal:
But judge my surprize when inform'd of the case,
He had chain'd it—for fear it should fly in his face.

WHEN I married fair Bell,
She was young, let me tell,
She was kind, and I us'd her full well-a;
But now she's grown old,
Both a hag and a scold,
Oh! tis *nunc Bella, horrida Bella!*

FRAGMENT THE FIRST.

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * * Unhappy Rome!

O! how immortal had thy glory been,
 By Temperance guarded, and by Justice led.
 But soon, with hasty strides, the lust of power,
 Tainted thy heroes; damned Luxury
 Destroy'd each native virtue in their breasts;
 In vain to save thy chang'd and tottering state,
 A Tully pleaded, or a Cato bled;
 Each martial warrior took a selfish part,

And

And dash'd thy high-flown honour to the dust.
Thus, in the bright and fultry hour of day,
The Eagle mounts, strong-pinion'd, to the skies;
Proudly elate he views the less'ning earth,
And revels in the liquid fields of air:
Sudden a partial night imbrowns the globe,
Loud rolls the vollied thunder on his head,
Electric sheets of lightning dim his eye;
And, tho' awhile the torrent he sustain,
Sunk by conflicting elements he dies.

FRAGMENT THE SECOND.

* * * * *

Not so our square-toe'd grandsires got their money,
 In snug three-decker'd wig they'd come to dun ye;
 But if Distress had shewn her iron frown,
 They felt compassion, tho' they fought their own;
 Pleas'd with but mod'rate gains they safely toil'd,
 No hair-brain'd schemes their peace of mind embroil'd:
 This best of all good maxims well they knew—
 None follow business right, and pleasure too.

Now

Now every 'Prentice hunts, and keeps his whore,
And lewdness revels even in threescore.

In those good days the hospitable 'Squire
Cheer'd his old mansion with a roaring fire;
No clamorous tradesmen then beset his door,
Which stood half-open to the neighbouring poor.
But now his rents receiv'd to town he hies,
O'er the smooth Mall his gaudy chariot flies.

The good old Butler shines in Gallic lace,
Modern his coat, tho' most *antique* his face:
The Farmer's toil becomes the Gamester's prey,
A year's hard labour squander'd in one day.
His damp-stain'd walls full seldom now he fees,
And bears a strange antipathy to trees*.
His frameless ancestors half-blind with mould,
Begin to find their station dev'lish cold;

* Cuts down all the timber.

Whilst the poor peasant trodden to the dust,
 In silent anguish gnaws his scanty crust:
 Pays for his cottage and his slip of land,
 Pinch'd by the needless Steward's griping hand.

* * * * * * * * *
 * * * * * * * * *
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In those good days 'twas Wealth's, 'twas Valour's care,
 To shield the friendless and protect the fair;
 But now address and gallantry's display'd,
 To prostitute a poor unthinking maid:
 Now rank Debauchery makes his fiend-like boast;
 He wears the myrtle-wreath who ruins most.
 Fiddlers turn Gentlemen, and Eunuchs carve,
Proud Singers feast, and men of genius starve.
 Luxurious LONDON, like a canker'd heart,
 Spreads foul corruption to each distant part.

O thou!

O thou! envelop'd in eternal smoke,
Where Vice is *tonnish*, and where Worth's a joke,
Thou vile seducer of a generous age,
Disgorge thy filth and stop mad Fashion's rage.

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

THE POET'S FAREWELL TO
HIS MUSE.

FAREWELL sweet Muse, that oft in slipshod guise
Hast led astray my song-enraptur'd soul;
Oft call'd me forth beneath the Moon's pale rise,
Or turn'd my wrapt eye to the starry pole.

In giddy youth by partial friends misled,
I trod (adventurous wight) poetic ground;
But soon the green bay wither'd on my head,
I got five shillings, and I lost five pound.

No longer can the Bard a patron find,
Poor Merit, now neglected, droops, I cried;
False-flattering Fancy fill'd my feeble mind,
And what I took for merit was but pride.

PRIDE led me on to snatch poetic fame,
To crop with daring hand Parnassian bays;
T' intrude with Dryden's and with Pope's my name,
And live to future times in living lays.

To climb the summit of cold Hæmus' hill,
"Of antique Bards the arduous steps to try *;"
And largely quaffing the Pierian rill,
Meet the keen glances of the public eye.

* *Contracta sequi vestigia vatum.*

The word *contracta* has singular force and beauty: it brings to our view the shortened and careful steps of those who walk in dangerous, narrow, and slippery paths.

G

BUT

BUT sober Reason now resumes her reign,
Tells me 'tis better far to *read* than *write*;
One may reap pleasure, t'other must bear pain,
The world's neglect, the critic's ranc'rous spite:

ENVY that pines at merit not her own,
Low purse-proud Ignorance' consequential sneer;
Exalted Meanness frowning into stone,
The grin of Folly, and the gibe severe.

FAREWELL sweet Muse, henceforth beguile no more,
No Critic "hangs me on his turn'd-up nose;"
No flattering gale shall tempt me from the shore,
Or lure me from the land of humble prose.

F I N I S.

